

NATIONAL REVIEW

25 Cents

January 11, 1958

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Can We Afford a Four-Day Week?

HENRY HAZLITT

Gogarty: Last of the Wits

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Not Seven, Not Lively, Not Arts

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Articles and Reviews by WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.
J. M. REED • RODERICK PENDLETON • JAMES BURNHAM
PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY • E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

For the Record

Discussion leaders in Communist Party meetings in the New York City area have introduced a new time abbreviation in explaining party problems: "B.W." and "A.W."—before Chief Justice Warren and after....The Communist Daily Worker paid tribute to the Supreme Court recently in these words: "The Department of Justice has run out its string. Since the historic June 17 decision of the Supreme Court, not a single appeals court has affirmed a Smith Act conviction. On the contrary, the government has thrown in the towel in Pittsburgh, Boston, Los Angeles, and Indianapolis. The Court of Appeals ... freed all the Connecticut defendants ... four Philadelphia defendants, and sent the rest back for retrials."

Rep. Walter Rogers (Dem. Texas) has announced that he will introduce a bill in the new Congress permitting Congress to override Supreme Court decisions just as it does Presidential vetoes....Circus Clown Emmett Kelly has asked Democratic Senator Fulbright to introduce a bill to subsidize transportation and wage costs for the circus....Vice President Nixon's move to effect reduction of U.S. Technical Assistance staffs abroad has inspired an organized campaign of protest from foreign mission posts.

The Army has announced that 194 of 650 men discharged as security risks between 1948 and 1955 have been given honorable discharges in a review of their cases. Ten per cent of these concerned officers. It is reported that the Senate Armed Services Committee wants to review the records also.

New York Republicans understand that Senator Javits has won his campaign to name the New York City Postmaster. The White House announcement is expected any day.... News dispatches from Indonesia attribute the decline of U.S. prestige there to Little Rock rather than State Department policy. "The only thing sillier," comments a foreign diplomat, "would be to attribute it to the Dodgers' departure from Brooklyn."

Robert Morris, Counsel of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and veteran of similar investigating bodies dating back to pre-World War II days, is permitting his diaries to be published later this month (by The Bookmailer) under the title The Final Conflict.

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CONTENTS JANUARY 11, 1958 VOL. V, NO. 2

THE WEEK 27

ARTICLES

Can We Afford a Four-Day Week?
Henry Hazlitt 33
Gogarty: Last of the Wits Francis Russell 37
Rockets in South Uist J. M. Reed 39

DEPARTMENTS

For the Record 26
The Third World War James Burnham 32
Letter from Japan E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn 36
The Ivory Tower Wm. F. Buckley, Jr. 41
Arts and Manners Priscilla L. Buckley 42
To the Editor 46

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Not Seven, Not Lively, Not Arts
Ernest van den Haag 43
Tiberius: "Strong Executive"
Roderick Pendleton 44
Reviewed in Brief 45

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the second and third weeks in August, by National Weekly, Inc. Copyrighted 1958 in the U.S.A. by National Weekly, Inc. Second-class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn.

EDITORIAL AND SUBSCRIPTION OFFICES:

211 East 37th St.
New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone MUrray Hill 2-0941

RATES: Twenty-five cents a copy, \$8.00 a year, \$15.00 for two years. Foreign, \$10.00 a year; Canada, \$9.00 a year.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

The WEEK

● Ellis Island is for sale again—reportedly because no governmental use can be found for it. Why not establish on it a government-financed research project, to do research on the question, What governmental use can be made of Ellis Island?

● Is there more to the menace of the Sputniki than the rocketry needed to put them into orbit? Numerous Washington rumors answer Yes. And so does a cryptic statement in a recent television interview by Lt. General Clarence Irvine, Deputy Chief of Staff for Material. Rockets may not cut much ice in the all-out wars of the future. What we may get instead is peace-platforms, manned by human beings, able to terrorize nations by threatening to release their hydrogen bombs. In a word, we move closer and closer to the imaginaries of science fiction. If space platforms are the ultimate weapon, who will have the first one? Dr. Edward Teller's mood about these things is not reassuring. He told someone the other day, in response to a question, that he did indeed think that in his lifetime Americans would reach the moon. What would they find there? "The only thing I'm reasonably sure they would find," said Dr. Teller, "is Russians."

● "California's senior Senator," a dispatch in the *New York Times* from California reads, "has started something . . . [His] embracing the 'right to work' as a dominant issue in his 1958 campaign is becoming contagious." Item: Right-to-work initiative measures seem likely to be on the ballot in both Idaho and Washington next year. Item: Union leaders in both the states mentioned, and in California as well, are shouting to the heavens about a "general union-wrecking drive," and are getting ready for a showdown fight. Item: Many people in Washington, where a right-to-work measure was beaten 2 to 1 last year, believe that the Senate rackety investigations have created a new climate of opinion that might now produce a different result. In all likelihood this will be the showdown year for right-to-work. All the more reason why Senator Knowland's campaign is crucial.

● Senator Eastland has protested the double standard used by some labor unions in dealing with persons who use the Fifth Amendment before investigating committees. Too many unions have penalized those who use the Fifth Amendment in answer to questions bearing on financial corruption, while pay-

ing no heed to those who use the Fifth in answer to questions pertaining to the national security. It is worse than that, in some cases, Senator Eastland observes, as witness the testimony of certain members of the United Auto Workers before the Subcommittee on Internal Security. "These hearings show that several UAW witnesses were defended by a local president for exercising the Fifth Amendment privilege, while another who testified freely about the Communist conspiracy against his country was spoken of disparagingly." We await the response of Mr. Reuther.

● The annual meeting of the American Historical Association, altogether a strange affair judging from the press reports, was held this year in New York and was opened by Paul Hoffman, who called for ten billion (or was it a hundred billion?—we forget, and Mr. Hoffman probably does too) in extra aid for Asia (or was it Africa?). Dr. Isidor I. Rabi, chairman of the President's Science Advisory Committee, also spoke, and said that whereas the United States had probably reached its scientific peak, the Soviet Union is on the way up. Professor Donald H. Fleming of Brown wonders whether or not American scientists don't tend to be too religious. It is something for us to ponder, Professor Fleming said, whether if we aspire to scientific supremacy over the Soviet Union we can "afford to have a religious revival." At a luncheon session on the second day the speaker was the great Far Eastern scholar, Professor Owen Lattimore. He was the only speaker of the entire session who received a standing ovation. Well, let us thank the Lord that the historians merely write about history, leaving it to others to make. Though, come to think of it, Professor Lattimore can fairly be said to have made a lot of history too, in addition to writing it, and, for an estimated 15 million of Chinese, to have considerably, and very abruptly, shortened history.

● In a front page editorial, the *Houston Negro Labor News* has come out for the re-election of a mayor who has announced that he will not integrate the city's swimming pools. "Many Negro citizens, both friends and foes of Mayor Oscar Holcomb," wrote publisher C. W. Rice, "share his views that an integrated swimming pool would cause more racial clashes and probably riots and bloodshed than any other form of integration." So far so good in Houston . . . until the Supreme Court discovers the Fourteenth Amendment prohibits racial separation underwater.

● Whatever happened to that White House disarmament man—Harold Stanchion . . . Harmon Stassen . . . or something like that?

● Over the years *Newsweek's* popular "Periscope" feature has often served as a transmission belt for the State Department's large and influential appeasement clique. Last week, it was back at the same old stand, describing "a growing number of [unnamed] State Department officials" as convinced that the U.S. must 1) "hold disarmament talks not only with Russia but also with India and Red China," 2) "stop propagandizing people behind the Iron Curtain," and 3) "acknowledge the Soviet Union's interests in the Middle East." This is, of course, the Communist Party line pure and simple. The only question is, which State Department officials are spreading it? And perhaps one other: why does *Newsweek* amplify it?

● Anti-Communists experienced a fleeting sense of satisfaction the other day when the American Communist Party announced that the *Daily Worker* would probably suspend daily publication for financial reasons. On second thought, however, more experienced observers decided that elation might be premature. The editor of the *Worker*, John Gates, is currently the center of a hot controversy within the Party over his alleged "right-wing deviationism." That is to say, he has recently toadied to Moscow a fraction of a per cent less vigorously than his colleagues deem desirable. The Communists may be suspending the *Worker* in order to get rid of its troublesome chief, with a view to reviving it under new and safer management. Certainly the world Communist movement, whose Soviet leaders have just offered financial aid to forty "uncommitted" nations, could afford, should it choose to do so, to foot the modest bills for its American mouthpiece.

● The crew of an East German trawler jumped ship in a Swedish port some weeks ago, asked and received political asylum. East Germany subsequently sent another fishing boat to Sweden with an extra crew aboard to sail the abandoned trawler home. But the second crew also defected. If the German Communists really want that trawler, we know how they can get it. Hire a Swedish crew for the return voyage. Defection is a rare disease, virulent only on one side of the Iron Curtain.

● Several weeks ago two large U.S. packing plants in Uruguay, employing 12,000 men, announced that the welfare state policies of the government made it impossible for them to operate at a profit and that, in consequence, they would close down before the New Year. The Government took it for granted that this was a bargaining gambit—that the Swift and Armour companies had no intention of abandoning plants capitalized at seven million dollars—and sat pat, awaiting the next *Yanqui* move. It probably *was* a bargaining gesture; no business likes to write off

an important asset. But no business which is not government-subsidized can afford to operate at a loss: so in the last week of December, Swift and Armour made their move. They took advertisements in leading Montevideo papers announcing the immediate *and permanent* shutdown of the country's second and third largest meat packing establishments.

● Our attention is called to a meeting a couple of weeks ago in New York of the American Forum for Socialist Education, which, it will be recalled, "opposes exclusion of any socialist-minded group" (we borrow the phrase from the *Daily Worker*). In a single educational session on "America's Future in the Age of Automation and Atomic Energy" the American Forum presented, as speakers, a half dozen Communists (e.g., Fred Fine, Herbert Aptheker, Steve Nelson), a half dozen fellow travelers (e.g., Fred Schuman, Otto Nathan, Stringfellow Barr), and a half dozen moral idiots (e.g., Michael Harrington, Murray Kempton). Cheered by its success, the Forum's entrepreneurs might schedule a future educational meeting on "Why it was necessary in behalf of socialism to dampen the ardor of Hungarian counterrevolutionaries." There are non-socialists who also learn from such meetings.

● The United States Air Force and the United States Navy are negotiating about possible *Air Force* use of *Navy* IRBM's—and with as little pridefulness, as little *jalousie de métier*, as they would show if they were friendly powers. Peace is in the air!

From Lenin to Cairo

The "unofficial" Asian-African Peoples Solidarity Conference at Cairo has been prolific of the most ominous threats. The temper of the gathering was set by Lieutenant Colonel Anwar el-Sadat, once a member of Nasser's junta, who gloated that Africa and Asia had been freed from "the western wild beasts that once roamed here." The chief Soviet representative, Sharaf R. Reshidov, who is President of the Supreme Parliament of the Uzbek Republic, sustained the tone by pledging Soviet aid to the Chinese Communists who wish to conquer Formosa, to the Jordanians, to the Indonesians in their campaign to seize Western New Guinea, and to the Algerian Moslems in their war against France.

As these incitements against the West were being tossed freely around, Egyptian children, thoroughly drilled to their task, were busy waving cotton-stuffed peace doves as they paraded through the Cairo streets. The whole spectacle gave the impression of long and arduous rehearsal. And, indeed, the rehearsal dated back thirty-five years and more to the

day when Nicolai Lenin, cutting his ideological losses when the German Communist revolution fizzled in the earliest twenties, first came up with his "Far Eastern" policy. According to this policy the route to London and Washington led through Peiping. The Soviets have adhered relentlessly to this Far Eastern policy ever since, even during the supposed "socialism in one country" phase which cropped up briefly in the period when Stalin was busy ridding himself of Trotsky.

But Peiping, it might be argued, is not Cairo, nor is China Algeria. Just so; but when Lenin said "eastern" he meant to invoke all the demons of racism, of "color," and of the jihad which is Pope Urban's Anti-Moslem Crusade in reverse. He wanted to see white throats cut from Hong Kong to Mexico, and from French Indo-China to French Guiana in South America. Out of this "anti-colonial" witches' brew Lenin hoped to distill the ultimate poison of World Communism.

The Cairo gathering is Leninism up to date. In pulling the strings in Egypt, the Soviets show once again the monomaniacal perdurability of Communist policy. That, far more than the drill-ground antics of the Cairo children, is what is really ominous about the "Asian-African Peoples Solidarity Conference."

Plenty to Protest About

Let those who know J. Edgar Hoover's record for courage and fact-telling in the struggle for internal security ponder well the following points from his year-end report to the Attorney General:

—The American Communist Party during 1957 "emerged from hiding with new confidence and determination."

—The FBI's responsibilities in the internal security field therefore "assumed greater importance during the year."

—One reason for the CP's increasing boldness has been "growing public complacency toward domestic threats to internal security."

—Another reason is the Party's continued success in "invoking legal technicalities and delays."

For that last, read (remembering that Mr. Hoover would not feel free in such a report to criticize the judiciary) "the Party's continued success in eliciting court decisions likely to forward its interests." Look back at the preceding point, about public complacency. And then pick up a copy—they are, you may be sure, easy to come by—of the new Fund for the Republic pamphlet, by Walter Millis, entitled *Individual Freedom and the Common Defense*. Turn to the section entitled "The Control of Sedition," and note the burden of the message, which is

"What really were these menaces against which such extreme protections had to be erected? It was when the public began to get a little bored with the perils of Communism, and when (one may infer) Federal judges began to ask themselves a little more seriously what really were the 'clear and present dangers' in response to which so many departures from established concepts of freedom and due process had been authorized, that the issues began to sink to manageable proportions."

WALTER MILLIS, *Individual Freedom and the Common Defense*, pamphlet published by the Fund for the Republic, p. 52

1. to encourage public complacency about domestic Communism, and

2. to give to the very judicial decisions Mr. Hoover must have had in mind the look and sound of a national return to sanity.

Mr. Hoover and Mr. Millis are not really far apart in their basic analysis. They agree that the public demand for an all-out internal security program has subsided (the public, says Mr. Millis, is "bored with the perils of Communism"); they agree too that the court decisions of the past year (Watkins, Yates, Jencks, etc.) have profoundly affected the workings of the internal security program. Mr. Millis, however, is pleased by these developments. Mr. Hoover is clearly horrified.

The Fund, with every new publication, emerges more nakedly as what it is: a sharp razor (it has unlimited funds for finding, refinding, and disseminating its "Findings") in the hands of a baby (Liberals attempting to deal with Communism). Its thesis, in this pamphlet, is not only that the dangers of domestic Communism have now subsided, but that they have been "grossly exaggerated" all along; that there has at no time been any evidential support for a "very high estimate of the perils of sedition"; and that the Courts are quite right in holding, as they have of late, that the "defenses against sedition" must be "restrained more nearly within the spirit of the Bill of Rights." And its next publication, and its next and its next and its next, will find new ways of saying the same sort of thing with a greater air of conviction, and more conspicuously.

The names of the Rev. John Courtney Murray and Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr appear, surprisingly, in the list of Consultants under whose aegis the Millis pamphlet was ostensibly published. NATIONAL REVIEW greatly admires Father Murray, and has long felt that Dr. Niebuhr has shown a commendable staunchness on the Communist question. We indulge the hope that they disagree with Mr. Millis' conclusions.

We Nominate . . .

Enough has been leaked of the Gaither Report to make it plain there is a "missile lag" of serious proportions, and that the recent appointment of James T. Killian as "missile czar" is hardly calculated to do more than poultice a disorder that is deeply organic. There has been plenty of money for rocketry, but apparently the purpose in its application has been subordinated to the clashing Pentagon imperialisms of Army, Navy and Air Force, each of which wants to be top dog of the Missile Age. Accordingly, the money has been dribbled away in overlapping programs, none of which has yet produced the Big Bang to counter the Soviet ICBM. This is the reality behind the President's reported threat to bounce the Joint Chiefs of Staff to the Aleutians. But if the present Joint Chiefs were to be bounced, it goes without saying that their places would be taken by other partisans, presumably each as jealous for his branch of the service as are the present incumbents.

The way to end the missile rivalry is hardly to seek for "cooperation" at the Joint Chief level. That is organically impossible. What is needed is not to bounce the Joint Chiefs out, but to bounce their heads together. Killian, though an estimable academic administrator, is obviously not the man to accomplish any such mission. He is too tender of reputations, too diplomatic, too much the civilian who does not dare, or care, to antagonize the brass.

General Leslie Groves, who headed the World War II Manhattan Project which developed the A-bomb, has added his wise voice

to those who call for a man who will do for missiles what he did for the atom bomb. The Johnson Committee has already expressed dissatisfaction with the conflicting jurisdictions of the top missiles team, and will almost surely, in its report, request the President to give the job to one man.

The crying need is for someone who would combine youthful resilience with qualities of toughness and leadership. Looking over the field, one can see that the field is small.

One person, however, comes to mind. We nominate General Charles A. Lindbergh for the job.

He would surely be respected by the brass, even the top brass. No one can question his patriotism, for he has taken the cruelest of jibes without ever personally revealing that he was spying for our own military when the public thought he was merely hobnobbing with Nazi airmen. No one who knows of his World War II service in the Pacific can doubt his qualities as a leader. He has not been involved in inter-service wrangling, and his whole life has demonstrated his ability to promote science while remaining scientifically detached. He also has the ability to make himself a charismatic figure if he so chooses. He once captivated the youth of the world; he has it in him today to captivate the younger officers in the Pentagon.

The nomination of General Lindbergh would satisfy the majority of the nation that the Missiles Program would get the best attention America has to offer.

Courage in Buenos Aires

Rear Admiral Isaac Rojas, Provisional Vice President of Argentina, has announced a courageous decision. The group for which he speaks led the revolt against Juan Perón two years ago. That revolt was everywhere greeted with enthusiasm, for Perón had no supporters, to speak of, outside Argentina. He had not, as ruler, instituted, nor was he guided by, a political system of the kind that has votaries throughout the world. He ruled merely as a personal and capricious dictator-plunderer, who sated the masses and himself by devouring the national patrimony. On top of wrecking the economy, he suppressed all inconvenient freedoms, corrupted justice and, finally

—and catastrophically—turned against religion.

The provisional government, having called a national election for February 23, now states, in effect, that if the people vote for a regime tainted with Peronism the election will be declared invalid.

The government's move is audacious. For one thing it implicitly rejects some of democracy's loftiest pretensions. So much do we worship at its altar that we tend to forget that democracy is by no means a guarantor of a good society; we forget, that is, that democracy is nothing more than a political method which often, but by no means always, yields desirable results. It is a lamentable fact—but there it is—that Perón was, numerically speaking, a popular governor. He was democracy's choice: and Admiral

Rojas recognizes that the danger is very real that his countrymen, given the opportunity, would usher him back in. By announcing that he will discount Perón votes, he attempts to direct the voters' attention to saner alternatives. And, committing a grievous sin against democracy, he rules certain political alternatives as being out of bounds.

In the few days since Admiral Rojas made his announcement there has not been much hue and cry in the Liberal press about this affront on democratic practice. That is so, we suspect, because the Liberals, while loving democracy, love not Perón more; and hence will quietly let this one go by. But in their stomachs they will know that this action by Rojas—Democracy Within Set Limits—is an encroachment upon a position they cherish. What if, tomorrow, in another state, the leaders (or a Constitution) were to say that, experience having demonstrated that socialism is repressive of individual freedom and economically wasteful, socialist votes will not count?

Wow!

Let Them Be Segregated

NATIONAL REVIEW agrees that it is unjust for the Army, having conscripted a Communist or fellow traveler, to give him a dishonorable or less than honorable discharge if he has faithfully performed his duties. We are in favor of repressing American Communists, but not by means so devious. We believe, to begin with, that the time to investigate, and act on, a draftee's Communist affiliation is before his induction, not after his discharge. Accordingly, we applaud the Army's decision to go back over the records of several hundred persons in this category who have been less than honorably discharged in the past few years.

It is, however, another thing to view the decision of the Army as a further excretion of "McCarthyism" from the nation's system. As far as we know, neither Senator McCarthy nor his followers called for drafting Communists and then dishonorably discharging them. Their position—and ours—is very simply this: the Army is no place for security risks. To those who reply that a draft dodger might exploit the situation by joining a Communist front or two to avoid military service, we answer that there is an alternative. Granted Communists should not, merely in virtue of being sworn enemies of the society in which they live, earn special privileges. Therefore, a special camp should be set up for them (as for conscientious objectors) at which they would be insulated against any chance contact with sensitive information, and from which, having performed a tour of duty equivalent in length to that of patriots, they would simply

be set free, without any certificate whatever, except one immunizing them from further call for military service.

And For Free!

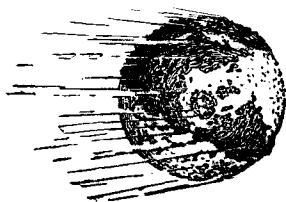
Rear Admiral Hyman Rickover, who is an acerbic critic of much in modern life, offers a plan for ameliorating the educational crisis and, *mirabile dictu*, one that does not call for spending of an extra nickel by the government.

What Rickover proposes, audaciously, is better schools. Today's high school diploma, he observes, can mean a great deal or nothing, depending on who issues it. Everyone seems to have an inalienable right, these days, to a diploma provided he has the patience, over a period of twelve years, to meet attendance requirements. Admiral Rickover proposes, in a provocative article in *U.S. News and World Report*, that colleges and universities organize a Council of Scholars, a private agency which would establish a national standard for the high school diploma. Any high school meeting the standards set by the Council would get a special certificate, that all—student, parent, employer, community, college—should know that here education, not pap, is dispensed.

Admiral Rickover reasons that colleges faced with rising enrollments would be inclined to admit the graduate of an accredited school in preference to the graduate of an unaccredited school. Also, that the accreditation would give the taxpayer parent some redress against educators who insist on substituting "life adjustment," "home economics," and wood carving for trigonometry, physics, and French.

We wish Admiral Rickover luck with his project, but warn him that James Conant will call it "divisive," and the NEA "undemocratic." He will look back longingly on the days when he had something easy to do, like launching the world's first nuclear submarine.

Our Contributors: HENRY HAZLITT ("Can We Afford a Four-Day Week?") is the well-known *Newsweek* columnist and author of several books, among them *Economics in One Lesson*. . . . FRANCIS RUSSELL ("Gogarty: Last of the Wits") writes for various English and American periodicals. He is the author of *Three Studies in 20th Century Obscurity*. . . . J. M. REED ("Rockets in South Uist") is the editor of *Saltire*, Glasgow, Scotland. . . . ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG ("Not Seven, Not Lively, Not Arts") is an associate professor at New York University and also teaches at the New School for Social Research. He is the author of *Education As An Industry* and (with Ralph Ross) of *The Fabric of Society*.



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Dragon's Teeth, Slightly Carious

The post-Sputnik wake has been, in a number of ways, puzzling. Consider, for one thing, the sudden transformation of the whole front rank of Liberal publicists into red-hot warriors, snorting fire and brimstone. With what haughty scorn they damn the timid Dulles, Wilson, Eisenhower and Joint Chiefs, all and sundry, for not having spent umpteen trillion dollars to build enough warheaded missiles to blow the entire solar system to fragments! How clarion is their call for an emergency, all-out, crash-bang program to beat the Communists in every type of military hardware from space platforms to brass buttons!

Can these be the same portentous pundits who, these many years, have been denouncing Dulles for provocations and brinksmanship?—who have demanded economic, not military, aid?—who have with their verbal knives drawn and quartered MacArthur, Sherman, Radford and all other “warmongering” military chiefs?—who opposed the building of an H-bomb, signed petitions for ending tests, defended neutralist Nehru, and welcomed the Kremlin’s every word about “negotiation,” “discussion,” and “relief of tension”? Are these the same far-printed prophets who, when we had unquestioned supremacy in all forms of advanced armament, urged the sinking of our own A-bombs in the many-sounding sea?—who dismissed as warped fanatics those of us who croaked a warning of an irreconcilable Soviet threat?

By their names they would seem to be the very same; yet how can it be?

I have been pondering the seeming paradox. The Liberal oracles pooh-poohed the threat, and now ring the gong; deprecated arms, and now howl for a crash buildup. And it is exactly the same individuals. The editorial writers of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post and Times-Herald*, the Roscoe Drummonds, Tom

Finletters and Adlai Stevensons—these and their political siblings, who for so long have flown the banners of coexistence, cultural exchange and economic development, are the precise ones who now most loudly beat the missile drums.

The much leaked top secret report asking scores of added billions for military security was prepared under the direction of H. Rowan Gaither, head of the Ford Foundation, which has devoted a large portion of its vast funds to smashing the nation’s psychological, military and political defenses. With really classic irony, Paul Nitze (George Kennan’s heir on the Policy Planning staff of the State Department), William C. Foster (Paul Hoffman’s foreign aid deputy) and several of their familiars who have helped them push us into our present hole are now organizing a committee they call ALERT, which is to take on the national task of informing the rest of us about the Soviet danger.

What can they be up to? Is this a conversion—or, just possibly, a new-found racket?

How to Keep Busy Doing Nothing

The answer is by no means self-evident, but a plausible hypothesis has occurred to me. *To maximize the Soviet military threat, and to call for a hyperbolic arms program on our part, is the perfect excuse for doing nothing serious about the world crisis.*

It is a perfect excuse because a) it is bound to be wonderfully popular, and b) it gives everyone the illusion of frantic activity.

Who except a handful of eccentrics can, under present circumstances, be against a big arms program? Are trade unions going to oppose a policy that means more jobs at a time when unemployment rolls are rising? Or

business, when it means a chance to bolster falling profits? or the Pentagon, when the generals can thereby get more money and power under their control? or the ordinary voter, who welcomes what he is told means more protection against the enemy before whom he has been taught to tremble?

Moreover, a columnist or editorial writer who is hell-bent for arms will never lack a subject for rousing copy. There is always plenty to complain about. Research, development, testing, production, deployment might always, in theory, be going faster than they do in practice. Whatever armament decisions have actually been made, they might have been—as judged in retrospect—a lot smarter.

So we can write about the enemy’s military strength and our own military stupidity as often and as long as we wish. Meanwhile there will be no time or occasion for asking what we will do with overwhelming arms superiority, if and when we get it, or what we did do with it all the many years that we had it in the past.

The illusion is persuasive, seducing both those who create it and the general public along with them. The armament and technological successes that we shall certainly achieve during the next couple of years will, unfortunately, give many of us the idea that we are getting some place. But where? What is the purpose of all this hardware? It is these individuals now calling most loudly for arms who are most absolutely committed never to use them—who affirm that their use is “unthinkable.”

Committees of both houses of Congress are now conducting inquiries into the lags in missile development. We would do well to worry less frenetically over missiles. We’ll have missiles, all right—enough to blow up all mankind, if that strikes our fancy. But no Congressmen and no committees of Congress are inquiring into the only really serious question: what do we want the missiles for? Congress seeks to learn who delayed or sabotaged missile development. It would do well to probe still deeper, in order to uncover the mistaken men and the false ideas that have blocked and continue to block the adoption of a national policy designed for the defeat of the Communist plan for world conquest.

Can We Afford a Four-Day Week?

A standard four-day week, Mr. Hazlitt warns, would not mean more overtime pay for organized labor; it would mean a dangerous cut in national production

HENRY HAZLITT

Last April Walter Reuther, head of the United Automobile Workers, announced that the major goal of his union in 1958 would be a shorter work week with increased take-home pay. He strongly hinted that he would demand a four-day week.

Labor itself has shown no enthusiasm for this goal. In a Gallup poll, most manufacturing workers rejected the shorter-week proposal. Women turned it down three to one.

A steadily mounting number of workers, in fact, have already been taking on two jobs or more. This practice has become known by the picturesque name of "moonlighting"—working by moonlight. The Census Bureau estimates the number of moonlighters in the U.S. at 3,700,000 in 1956.

Is Walter Reuther himself a serious convert to the four-day week? If so, his conversion is recent. In the convention of the UAW at Atlantic City in March 1953, he supported against a small minority bloc a resolution, which was passed, condemning a 30-hour week proposal as "Communist-inspired." Here are some excerpts from the resolution:

They play the Communist game by proposing, in effect, to reduce America's production by one-fourth. . . . Those who use the demand for an immediate 30-hour week to capture a following within the union know that it is unsound, impractical, unrealistic, and irresponsible. They know that it is a proposal . . . to serve the Kremlin in its struggle against the free world. . . . The size of the economic pie that determines living standards can be no bigger than total production. With less work there is less produced and less to enjoy. . . . Forty-hours pay for 30-hours work will not buy more if only 30-hours output is available.

Considered as a long-range future peacetime goal, of course, there is nothing inherently unreasonable about a four-day, thirty-two hour

week. It would merely continue a trend that goes back in the Western world for at least 150 years, or ever since the Industrial Revolution.

From Nineteen Hours to Eight

Many economic historians, partly under the influence of Karl Marx, have presented the Industrial Revolution (about 1760 to 1830) as an Era of Horrors. Judged by our present standards, conditions then were certainly shocking. In England, in some cases, a 19-hour working day and a 90-hour working week were normal. Even in New England, as late as 1832, a widespread standard was a 14-hour day with a total of one hour off for breakfast and dinner.

But such examples do not mean that conditions during the Industrial Revolution were necessarily worse than in the period immediately preceding. All the evidence goes to show, on the contrary, that the Industrial Revolution—i.e., the advent of the factory system—was actually the process by which such conditions were mitigated. There was a great increase in capital investment. Factory production, and lower costs, both required and made possible increased consumption of goods by the masses. The most striking feature of the period was the great growth in population. This was caused mainly by a reduction in the death rate—a sign that living standards were rising. Before the Industrial Revolution, men, women and children had worked at home, or in small sweat shops, for 18 and 19 hours a day. It was only when they began working such hours in factories, and after a factory-inspection system developed, that their condition attracted public attention. From then on reform began. It was brought about partly by the pressure of public opinion; partly by growing recognition that

excessive working hours were inefficient; but mainly, in the long run, because the increase in output through the use of machinery made shorter hours possible. During the nineteenth century there was legislative and union pressure first for a standard ten-hour day, then for a nine-hour day, and finally for the eight-hour day.

Because of the great variations among industries and among different kinds of work, it is not easy to present meaningful average figures. But a reasonable picture of the reduction in the typical standard working week over the last century would run something like this: in 1850, 70 hours; in 1890, 60 hours; in 1914, 54 hours; in 1920, 48 hours; since the NRA of 1933 and the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938, 40 hours.

Variations from this in actual average hours worked have largely represented either "overtime" or "under-employment."

But because the majority of mankind were once forced to work excessively long hours, it does not follow that it is either possible or desirable for men eventually to work no hours at all. As the working week is shortened, the gains from the shortening diminish, and the cost rises. An excessively long working week means over-fatigue. This reduces output. It seems reasonable to suppose that in most occupations men actually produced more, in the long run, in a 60-hour week than in a 70-hour week; that in many occupations they produced more in a 50-hour week than in a 60-hour week; and that in some lines they may still produce more in a 40-hour week than they would in a 50-hour week. Even where this is not true, output *per hour* tends to be higher as the working week is reduced, so that the reduction in work done is not as great as the reduction in hours worked.

But as the working week diminishes the fatigue factor becomes less and less important. The offsetting gains in hourly output also diminish toward a vanishing point. The question may be raised whether we are not already near that point.

The gains through a lessening of worker fatigue, moreover, have probably been a minor factor in making possible the constant shortening of the working week over the last two or three generations. What has mainly made this possible has been the steady increase in capital investment, putting more and ever better tools and equipment into the hands of the workers, and so constantly increasing man-hour output. It is because this process has gone further in America than in any other country in the world that American workers have been able to work fewer and fewer hours per week at higher and higher real wages.

Careful compilations have shown that manufacturing industry in the United States has invested an average of more than \$13,000 for every worker it employs. It is this that has produced the American miracle of great and ever-rising "labor-productivity." The right name for this, however, is *labor-capital* productivity, or *man-machine-hour* productivity.

A simple illustration is the care of a lawn. Suppose your lawn were of such a size that, if you had nothing better than a hand sickle or scythe to work with (as you would have had until the late nineteenth century), it would take you six hours to mow it. Let's say that with a modern hand-mower you could mow it in three hours, and, with a modern power-mower, in one hour. Thus a hand-mower would double your "man-hour productivity"; a power-mower would multiply it by six.

But you would have sense enough to know that it is not *your* personal productivity that had tripled by changing from a hand-mower to a power-mower, but the *combined* productivity of yourself and the tools with which you worked. In fact, the main credit for the *increase* in output would have to go to the improved machine. If you hired a gardener to do your lawn-mowing, you would not think it reasonable for him to demand three times as much per hour for using your power-

mower as for using your old hand-mower, on the argument that he was now cutting three times as much grass in that time. If you had to pay that much increase in his wages, in fact, it would not be worth your while to buy the power-mower in the first place. You could, however, afford to pay him *more* per hour than before, because of the economies made possible by the power-mower.

It is misleading, therefore, to speak of "man-hour" or "labor" productivity unless we constantly keep in mind that what we are really talking about is man-machine-hour, or labor-capital, productivity.

Profits, Wages and Jobs

This labor-capital productivity has not risen automatically. It has risen because economic freedom, labor-union restraint and encouragement for profit-seeking and for saving and investment have been such in America (and to a lesser degree in the "free world" generally) as to permit the rise to take place. This progress can continue only if there continue to be workable profit-margins and sufficient incentives for further investment. Excessive or premature demands by labor-union leaders could bring this progress to a halt. So far most American labor leaders have had the wisdom to recognize this.

And if they continue to have this wisdom, they will recognize that they cannot, collectively, raise real wages of all workers beyond the level justified at any time by labor-capital productivity at that time. One union can, of course, raise its own money wages at the expense of the purchasing power of other workers' money wages. All unions together can force up money wages and force up prices correspondingly, leaving the real purchasing power of their wages unchanged. But union leaders cannot arbitrarily raise wages "at the expense of profits" merely by raising their demands. Corporate profits in 1956 and 1957 have been running (after taxes) at a level of only about 6 per cent of the national income, and at less than 9 per cent of the nation's total wage payments. In manufacturing, in 1956, profit margins (after taxes) fell to 3.1 per cent of sales. Any attempt to increase wages at the cost of a further substantial

squeeze of profits would force marginal corporations to reduce employment.

In any case, there is no escape from the conclusion that if workers want more leisure they must *buy* it. The cost of the leisure is the amount of wages they will have to give up.

The arithmetic of a four-day week is simple. If workers want a four-day week immediately, they will have to give up a fifth, or 20 per cent, of the money they now earn from a five-day week. If the automobile workers are now averaging \$2.50 an hour for a five-day forty-hour week, or \$100, then they will have to give up \$20, and get only \$80 if they go on a four-day, 32-hour week.

But suppose Mr. Reuther demands \$100 for a four-day week instead of a five-day week? Even if we assume he could get it, he does not escape from the dilemma, but only increases its dimensions. If he can get his union members an average of \$100 for a 32-hour week, or \$3.12½ an hour, it follows that he could get them \$3.12½ an hour for a forty-hour week, or \$125. He is asking them to give up \$25 a week for the extra day's leisure. If the proposition were put this way to his union members, in an unintimidated vote, would they vote for a four-day \$100 week in preference to a five-day \$125 week?

"Five days' pay for four days' work" is a delusion. Nobody knows this better than Mr. Reuther himself. He knows that at best it means inflation. He knows that, if workers all around the circle could succeed in getting 25 per cent more per hour, and remain employed (with no increase in their hourly output), this would force an increase of 25 per cent in prices. If under such conditions we all worked 20 per cent fewer hours per week, we would have 20 per cent less to consume. Changing one figure in the UAW resolution that Mr. Reuther supported in 1953, we get his own conclusion: "Forty hours' pay for 32 hours' work will not buy more if only 32 hours' output is available."

Perhaps what Mr. Reuther is really after is merely a reduction of the standard "straight-time" working week, so that overtime-pay would begin after thirty-two hours instead of after forty. Under such a plan auto workers, say, would continue to

get present average earnings of \$2.50 an hour on Monday to Thursday, but would get time-and-a-half, or \$3.75 an hour, on Fridays. To the extent that this scale could be forced on employers, it would merely lead to inflation. Workers would be producing no more on Fridays than on Thursdays, but they would be paid 50 per cent more, and employers would have to add the increased cost to the price of the goods. But this would happen only on "cost-plus" government contracts, or in short-lived emergencies. The overwhelming probability is that few employers could afford the added costs of overtime, and that the new straight-time work-week of 32 hours would become the actual work-week. This means that the amount of goods produced, and consequently living standards, would drop approximately as much as hours worked—about 20 per cent.

That the straight-time working week would tend to become the actual working week is no mere hypothetical guess. All the experience of World War II, and since, goes to prove it. It is not a mere coincidence that since the NRA, and later the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938, went into effect, the average working week in this country has never, except for a few brief months, gone above 40 hours in the non-durable goods industries, and seldom more than an hour or two above even in the durable-goods industries, many of which work on government contracts. The reason is simply that, for all weekly hours above forty, employers are compelled by law to pay 50 per cent extra for overtime. Instead, they prefer to bid against each other for more men, even in a period of full employment.

As a matter of fact, this was the intention of the advocates of the law, which was passed in a time of mass unemployment. Its purpose was to "share the work." In a period of mass unemployment such an overtime penalty can of course force the employment of more men (for fewer weekly hours per man) to do a given amount of work. But this result cannot be achieved in a period of intense labor shortage like the present.

Suppose we disregard the seven million or so workers now engaged in agriculture and assume that the ap-

proximately 60 million now in non-agricultural employment were to cut their weekly hours by 20 per cent. This means that 15 million more workers would be needed in order to obtain the same man-hours of work and produce the same output as at present. Where would these 15 million new workers come from? Present estimates of total unemployment are about three million. It is hard to know how many even of these are available and employable workers.

The Price of More Leisure

Certainly a further compulsory shortening of the working week, by making legal overtime begin at 32 hours or some similar figure, is not an answer to the "evils" of "automation." Automation is merely a new name for the further advance of invention, mechanization and technology. Advances in labor-saving devices, which have been taking place since the beginning of civilization (and which constitute, in fact, a major part of civilization), do not on net balance throw people out of work. They create more jobs than they eliminate. They create these jobs either by reducing costs or by making new and better products and new amenities possible. And the jobs they create are always better-paying jobs, and usually more attractive jobs, involving less drudgery and monotony, and more judgment and intelligence, than the jobs they make unnecessary. An enforced shorter working week at this time would merely deprive us of the productive advantages of automation. It would intensify the labor shortage at the same time as it reduced the national output by approximately the same percentage as working hours were reduced.

Looking at the problem from the long-range standpoint, we can say that to the extent men *prefer* less pay and fewer goods and services, in order to enjoy more leisure, this is a freedom of choice that they should always have. If they *know* that they are buying leisure, and what they are paying for it, they can make the choice intelligently.

But at the moment we face a condition and not a theory. Though we already have a labor shortage in this country (despite a few pockets of unemployment), we find ourselves

engaged in a life-and-death battle of production—of both armaments and civilian goods—with the Communist-dominated world. We have no assurance that we are winning that struggle. On the contrary, the existence and priority of the Soviet earth satellites, and the probability that the Russians are already ahead of us in the development of the inter-continental ballistic missile, emphasize the gravity of the struggle.

What we are forced to produce for armament does not add to our standard of living. All of it represents what we must produce *in addition to* our standard of living. The Iron Curtain countries produce their armaments at the expense of the standard of living of their people, which is shockingly low in comparison with our own. It would be the grossest folly on our part deliberately to handicap ourselves in the struggle at this time by an arbitrary and coercive cut in the length of the working week. We have a short working week because, economically, we have so far felt able to afford it. But, as of December 1956, our average working week in manufacturing industries of 41 hours compared with an average working week in France of 45.6 hours, in the United Kingdom of 46 hours, in West Germany of 47.5 hours, in Switzerland of 47.6 hours, and in Japan of 52.2 hours.

In our present working week, about 67 million workers produce a national income of about \$355 billion, or \$5,300 per worker. If some 60 million non-agricultural workers were now to cut their working hours by an average of 20 per cent, this would mean a loss in the neighborhood of \$63 billion (at present prices) in the national income. But \$63 billion is two-thirds again as large as the total \$38 billion a year we are now spending on national defense.

Can we afford such a loss? Can we afford the risk of refusing now to take full advantage of the unparalleled productivity that our incomparable technical capital equipment provides? What would it profit us to gain an extra day of leisure a week, if we should lose the whole free world?

(Reprints of this article are available at 15 cents each, 100 for \$10.00. Address Department R, NATIONAL REVIEW, 112 East 37th St., New York 16, N.Y.)

Letter from Japan

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Japanese Look West

After three weeks mixing with all sorts of Japanese classes and cliques, I am beginning to see more clearly that the anti-Americanism which one encounters frequently in intellectual and (organized) working class circles is not shared by the masses. I have just spent some time in Nagasaki, where I found an almost total absence of anti-American feeling. A group of American missionaries with infinitely greater experience than mine, confirmed my impressions. Christianity was planted in Nagasaki in the sixteenth century; and there, except for Kagoshima, more Christians were fiendishly tortured and executed than in any other part of Japan. After the final edict of 1638 which punished Christian belief by crucifixion, the Catholics went underground and preserved their religion until the 1860's, when they revealed themselves as faithful Christians to the amazement of French missionaries. Most of these Catholics lived in the suburb of Urakami. In 1925 they finished building the largest church in Japan with a seating capacity of six thousand. On Sunday, August 9, 1945, Mr. Harry Truman's invitation to Unconditional Surrender fell within 500 yards of the packed Cathedral, wiping out at one stroke thousands of people whose ancestors had preserved their religion for centuries under the most harassing circumstances, only to see the glories of "A-Day."

Yet the living have remarkably little hard feeling. The plutocracy, though once menaced as an evil, reactionary element, loudly proclaims its allegiance to the Free World, which includes the United States; and the newly created "Self-Defense Force" wears uniforms of American cut and material. It is the intellectual left "liberated" by the Americans which engages in a "national socialism" of its own, a powerful fusion of the two great collectivist forces of our age—nationalism and socialism.

I had the opportunity to attend

a lecture by an outstanding Japanese leftist university professor on "Marx Today," and I must confess that I have not heard anything so uninspiring, shallow and dated for a long time. The man was not a Kremlin stooge. He confessed sadly that surprising schisms have been created by anti-Stalinism and the Hungarian revolt. For him these events and trends were eye-openers as to the character of the men in Moscow; yet he still ended his speech with a spirited appeal for loyalty to economic collectivism.

More interesting was a lecture by Professor Maruyama of *Todai* (University of Tokyo), also a leftist, who spoke about present trends in Japanese political and sociological thinking. He devoted—quite rightly—much time to the fact that housewives vote "conservative" (liberal-democratic) while their thinking is "left," i.e., for female emancipation, the suppression of prostitution, and strict anti-trust laws. On the other hand, he admitted that a fifth of the Socialists are for the reform of the Constitution (which would give some rights to the Emperor and officially reintroduce an army). A Gallup poll confirmed this statement but also showed that revision of this American-imposed Constitution is not backed by the majority of conservative voters. The nationalists and the socialists (and the national-socialists), while denouncing the shame of a foreign-imposed Constitution, have to face the fact that the masses see in this document a charter for their newly won personal freedom as well as, rather irrationally, the basis of their present prosperity.

Yet Japan's prosperity depends one-sidedly upon exports, and thus its dependence upon the Free West is complete. If the West were to close its ports to Japanese goods, the country of the Rising Sun would have to beg from Peking and Moscow. And there can be no doubt that Mao and

Khrushchev would then lay down the law in a way which would spell the end of all Japanese independence. Of course, the dream of autarchy as the basis of Japanese rule over a third of the world has been ended forever. Economically Japan will have to become a second Switzerland, a land resting not on the might of an army or an abundance of raw materials, but on the skill of hands, the cleverness of its diplomacy, the savings of its citizens and the dexterity of its organizers. The living standard of Switzerland, as things stand now, is no idle dream for Japan.

Professor Maruyama spoke of the present reactionary and conservative mood prevailing in certain Japanese circles; and he must be congratulated on having distinguished between one and two. He told his audience about the systematic study of Western thought (now in an incipient stage), especially of "American conservative thinkers." This trend was to be expected, and it is to be hoped that it will result in a moderate traditionalism able to fuse with Western values.

Yet the West overpowers Japan with a vehemence which can hardly be described. Pick up a Japanese fashion journal, for example, and you will see that a girl has to be of a "Caucasoid" type in order to succeed either in the world of fashion or in the movies. As a visiting Westerner one is by no means happy to see the externals of one's civilization so readily, enthusiastically and uncritically accepted.

It is difficult to imagine smooth sailing for the "New Japan." We have not only brought to Japan a great many of our achievements but many of our unsolved problems. (Take organized labor: will it be patriotic enough to keep Japan an effective competitor in world markets? Or will *Sohyo* one fine day play the Soviet game and destroy free enterprise though recreation of an export crisis by wage demands?) Whatever the outcome of Japan's many dilemmas, the fact remains that with or without the atom bomb and unconditional surrender, it has become our charge. We—the entire West—are culturally, economically, militarily responsible for Japan's weal. If we don't shoulder this responsibility, other, dark forces will.

Gogarty: Last of the Wits

The Irish wit whom Joyce pilloried in "Ulysses" might have surpassed him as a writer; but he was more interested in life than in literature

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Oliver St. John Gogarty belonged in the tradition of Congreve and Swift, a tradition tempered by Sheridan and split and attenuated to its apparent conclusion by the time it reached Wilde. Gogarty recreated it briefly. He was a throwback, a buck of the eighteenth century born into a more pallid age. That he was the least as well as the last of the great Anglo-Irish tradition was the fault of the century rather than his own.

He himself was not Anglo-Irish by inheritance, but Celtic and Catholic. The name Oliver came from his mother, not from the Protector. His portrait by Augustus John shows the pure Celt: the long nose, the distinctive outline of the upper lip, the wavy hair. As for his Catholicism, it was of the type of Pope or less, and certainly never interfered with his activities—though any self-conscious gesture of repudiation would have been alien to him.

He was well-known in the sharp oral tradition long before he became known in literature and beyond Dublin. His Rabelaisian limericks circulated unwritten all over the English-speaking world. Wilde concocted his epigrams in careful solitude, when he did not crib them from La Rochefoucauld. Gogarty's flashed out as easily as sunlight from a prism. AE called him "the wildest wit in Ireland from which nothing in heaven or earth was immune." Who else could have conceived the Young Lady from Chichester or christened Ireland "the land of Sodom and Begorrah"? George Moore, whom Gogarty as a young Dublin physician lived next to, wrote of him in *Hail and Farewell*: "Gogarty, the arch-mocker, the author of all the jokes that enable us to live in Dublin—Gogarty, the author of the Limericks of the Golden Age, the youngest of my friends, full in the face, with a smile in his eyes and always a witticism on his lips,

overflowing with quotation . . . a survival of the Bardic Age. . . ." He became, of course, most widely and unfortunately known as the "stately, plump Buck Mulligan" of Joyce's *Ulysses*.

It is a pity that Gogarty never wrote his own *Hail and Farewell*, for his autobiography as it appears in snatches and repetitively in half a dozen books and novels never forms a sustaining whole. Nowhere does he give any account of New York, where like old John Butler Yeats he lived out his last years and where surprisingly enough he finally became an American citizen.

"Confused Exuberance"

For Gogarty literature was always secondary to life, and quite in the eighteenth-century tradition he was content to be the brilliant amateur rather than the brooding professional. His friend Yeats spoke of his "great and confused exuberance." Gogarty himself maintained that he was born lucky. And so he seems to have been both in mind and body, in the happiness of his childhood, the vigor of his young manhood, and in his friends. As a Trinity medical student he was also a noted athlete and at one time cycling champion of Ireland. Not many years after taking his degree he was recognized as one of Dublin's noted nose and throat specialists. He had married an heiress, and lived in a charming house in Georgian Ely Place near Moore and the surgeon Sir Thornley Stoker. A daring motorist, he was the first man in Dublin to own a Rolls Royce as he was one of the first to obtain a private pilot's license. He always seemed to be around when things happened, and always he acted. J. F. Byrne (Joyce's fictional friend Cranly) gives an account, for example, of him diving into the Liffey fully clothed to rescue

a would-be suicide. It was Gogarty who reintroduced snakes to Ireland for the first time since St. Patrick by releasing a box of them in the hills beyond Dublin.

In his very early days he was a nationalist, associating with many of the later founders of the Free State. After the signing of the treaty he was offered the governor-generalship, which he declined. He was made a Senator of the Irish Free State. De Valera's refusal to accept the treaty, and the subsequent civil war, he never forgave. For him, as for Yeats, "Dev" remained "the loose-lipped demagogue," the eventual cause of his turning his back on Ireland.

Beyond his early verbal fame as a wit, his literary reputation did not come to him until he was over forty. When he finally left Ireland for England during the "troubles" and found himself with more leisure than he had had before, he spent much of it in writing more serious verses. These, collected together as *An Offering of Swans* and published in 1924, first established him as a poet.

The title of the book comes from a typical Gogartian episode in his own life. At the outbreak of the civil war he was kidnapped one winter's night by a squad of De Valera's irreconcilable gunmen and taken to a deserted house far up the Liffey. While the men waited for the final but inevitable word for his execution he persuaded two of them to take him into the garden on grounds of natural necessity. Once there, he managed to slip out of his coat and dive into the Liffey, followed but unharmed by bursts of gunfire. Alone, in the ice-cold water, he vowed two swans to the river if he should manage to survive. The soiled progeny of his paid debt may still be seen below the Four Courts.

Gogarty is a versifier in the Georgian manner, an occasional poet

who could write verse as Swift wrote to Stella—felicitous, “the lighter lyric line.” He published several more volumes, and finally his *Collected Poems* appeared in 1954. Much of this verse has a fugitive quality, yet among many pages of transitory charm are imbedded lyrics of a polish and depth and brilliance that make them additions to the literature of our day. They are the kind of poems that live on independent of their author’s name. Who can read and ever forget the lovely “Non Dolet” and “Per Iter Tenebricosum” and the “Death May Be Very Kind” with its echoes of Donne? Such short poems as “Women” and the lyric beginning “Tell me now is Love’s day done” are permanent. One continually comes across such charming lines as:

When Helen first put up her hair
She may have looked like you.

In a day when poets are so serious that they hesitate to reveal their meaning, Gogarty’s light touch is a pleasant contrast. What if the contrast palls after awhile? He will be remembered by half a dozen lyrics long after the obscurantists have been pulped down. And to be remembered for six poems is achievement for any poet.

A Summer with Joyce

In America with its academic Joyce cult Gogarty is first thought of as Buck Mulligan, the irrepressible arch-Philistine of the opening of *Ulysses*. This savage portrayal evolved through more than a decade by Joyce’s distilled hatred was, as it was intended to be, a vengeful humiliation. It struck home. Gogarty felt deeply hurt by this caricature of his early self. His casual association with Joyce in the summer of 1904 cast a shadow across his later life. This association is a subject he returns to again and again in the various chapters of his various books, as if he were trying to strike it out of his mind without ever wholly succeeding.

During the summer Gogarty and Joyce and an alcoholic Englishman named Trench lived in the now famous Martello tower at Sandycove, overlooking Dublin Bay some miles from the city. The gay and debonair Gogarty, with the road to success lying so obviously ahead of him,



basked in the immediateness of the passing moment. Joyce, as an embittered day-school master, viewed it with a clinical eye. Already he had begun to imagine himself as a kind of literary Lucifer. They shared their dissipations together, visits to innumerable pubs and to Dublin’s long since vanished night-town. Gogarty later told how Joyce would from time to time excuse himself from a group to go to the lavatory so that he could note down some chance remark. As Gogarty wrote in *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*, the first of his autobiographical sketch books: “Well charged with diary of an evening’s dissipation in Dublin, Ulysses could relax from listening to his companions’ talk. But he sat on any resentment he bore by assuring himself that he would crucify us all in due course.” When Gogarty taxed Joyce with planning to include him in some modern Inferno, Joyce replied archly that he would treat him with fairness.

The Martello tower ménage broke up rather abruptly. Trench woke screaming one evening with a nightmare of a black panther. To reassure him Gogarty fired a revolver at the wall, dislodging a shelf of tin cans which landed on top of Joyce. This was too much for Joyce, who got up, dressed, “took his ash plant with the handle at right angles to the shaft, and in silence left the tower forever.”

In *Ulysses* Joyce’s enmity was accounted for by Gogarty’s casual reference to Joyce’s mother as being

“beastly dead.” Gogarty protested that he did not mean to offend her memory. Joyce’s reply was that he was not thinking of the offense to his mother but to himself. In actual fact it was not an ephemeral remark that caused and sustained Joyce’s hostility, but his persisting resentment of Gogarty’s good fortune.

Envy was the driving force behind Joyce’s portrayal of Buck Mulligan, as it was the motivation of his exile and of his repudiation of Dublin. Joyce was angry at life, personified by the debonair Mulligan — as Gogarty later remarked, the one cheerful character in that metro-epic. He felt that he had been cheated of his birthright, the birthright of that still elegant middle class society in which Gogarty was destined to move easily and whose image Joyce would recreate in the home environment of his later Paris days. If Joyce had been born a Moore or a Plunkett he would in all probability have turned into a conventional man of letters of their status instead of adopting the pose of exile.

Eight years after the tower interlude Joyce sent Gogarty a bitter printed sheet of doggerel that he had written, in which he still visualized himself as a fallen Lucifer:

I stand the self-doomed, unafraid,
Unfellowed, friendless and alone,
Indifferent as the herring bone,
Firm as the mountain ridges where
I flash my antlers on the air . . .
And though they spurn me from
their door
My soul shall spurn them evermore.

That was the last Gogarty ever heard of him directly. Joyce, as a seedy hand-me-down Rimbaud, seemed destined to obscure failure. Ten years later, in 1922, *Ulysses* came as a complete surprise. And Joyce had his revenge. Those opening pages of *Ulysses* have a supple dynamic strength. They are the most powerful part of that over-symbolized and pedantic work. One sees as an almost tangible mental image the actuality of this vanished summer morning, the fog-streaked air over the glaucous waters of Dublin Bay, the mailboat leaving the Kingston pier with the smoke from her funnel wisping out in the direction of Howth Head, oyster catchers and herring gulls perched along the sandbars, and the shimmer and glitter of the reflected

sunlight on the old Martello tower as Buck Mulligan struts along the parapet, the breeze ruffling his dress-gown.

Not until 1937 did Gogarty produce his own partial rebuttal in *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*. In the interlude he became a victim of the exegetes. *Ulysses* had been hailed as the Bible and Koran of all young writers. Graduate students across America were having a go at its symbolism. Buck Mulligan became a thesis target. S. Foster Damon even identified Bloom with Christ. Probably what Gogarty came to regret most in his life was that casual association in the Martello tower in the summer of 1904.

Years of Exile

It is uncertain just why Gogarty left Ireland in the late thirties, but a libel suit—that popular Anglo-Irish diversion—was a contributing factor. The main reason, however, must have been that he found the Jansenistic provinciality of De Valera's Ireland too much for him. It was, after all, not his century. As Sean O'Casey saw the new Ireland from the left in his bitter chapters in *Inishfallen Fare Thee Well*, so Gogarty from the right found the emergence of the new post-treaty class equally distasteful.

Most of his remaining life was spent in New York. He wrote more in these years, publishing a pair of competent historical novels, several amusingly semi-autobiographical ones, collections of essays and short stories, and his *Collected Poems*. His old, brilliant wit and pawky humor are still there, but each time a little less sustained. Though *Tumbling in the Hay*, his novel about his student days at Trinity, and *I Follow Saint Patrick*, his travel book of the West, have their moments, nothing of his would again equal *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*, none of his prose would be comparable to the best of his verses. His last book, *Start From Somewhere Else*, is indeed a falling-off, a hodgepodge of his old themes from the Trinity Provost Mahaffy to Yeats and Dunsany and a few paragraphs on Joyce as a joker, all of them diminished almost to inconsequence. It is a sad come-down from that gay young man of

half a century earlier clanging the gate of Moore's garden at Ely Place to the old man, no longer a doctor, no longer an Irishman, in this feeble aftermath praising the literary attainments of Westbrook Pegler, Arthur Baer, Clark Kinnaird, H. I. Phillips and that "man of profound culture" Al Lewin, "producer of M.G.M."

The end is often ironic. Joyce spent the First World War quarrying the mass of *Ulysses* out of the past with monomaniac concentration, indifferent to the somber slaughter taking place so near him. In the twenties and thirties he became a literary mandarin, as Cyril Connolly saw him "a well-to-do high priest of art, remote from equals and competitors and not too accessible to admirers." Yet the following wave of World War II was to drive him out on the roads, not a spiritual exile this time but a refugee from the iron world that had finally caught up with him.

Gogarty's is the slower irony of the wheels running down. With his roots

in Augustan Dublin exchanged for the rootless new world megalopolis in the atomic age, his was a more profound exile in the end than was Joyce's. Joyce, with the bulk of *Ulysses* and the giant anagram that is *Finnegans Wake*, has left himself an obelisk of sorts, however it may be judged in the future. Gogarty, given Joyce's concentration on the written word, might have done far more than that without either turning into a cult or alienating the more common reader. As a poet he surpassed Joyce, in spite of the latter's comparison of his own early lyrics with those of Shakespeare. But Gogarty lacked Joyce's driving compulsion just because he was more interested in life than in literature. And he was right. For after all is said, it is better to live life than to brood about it on paper, better to see brightness than to recall past unhappiness; and who would not rather be a Buck Mulligan on the Martello parapet in the sunshine than a Stephen Daedalus-Joyce in the dark below?

Rockets in South Uist

J. M. REED

South Uist is an island, twenty miles long, but narrow and much cut about by the sea, in the remotest corner of Scottish West. About half of it consists of barren hills. A fair proportion of the rest is sandy beach, too far from the cities to attract holiday bathers. West of the sands the ocean stretches unbroken to Canada. There is one good harbor for smallish ships, an airfield nearby, and a population of less than 5,000. When the British government decided to set up a range there for testing military rockets, its planners must have thought that the project was both simple and sensible. Great Britain is a crowded island, except in the extreme North, and most of the seas around it are full of shipping. Rockets fired from the mainland might too easily hit something if they went a little astray, and there would be loud protests if a range interfered either with industries or with summer crowds by the coast. But ships are seldom seen west

of Uist. The people there are peasants making a very simple living out of sheep, a few cattle, small-scale tillage, the gathering and processing of seaweed, and hand weaving. Military experiments there could do no economic damage worth considering. To South Uist itself they would bring new roads, new harbor works, far higher than anything the island had seen, thousands of newcomers to buy the local produce and put new life into the local dances—in fact, a real entry into the twentieth-century world.

Perhaps the authorities in London were not altogether surprised when there were some criticisms of their plans. In Britain there are always critics of the Defense Departments. Rockets are still mysterious; people are apt to connect them with unknown atomic horrors. The Scots, in particular, are full of complaints nowadays, and the Highlanders are suspicious of all novelties. But perhaps the officials concerned have

scarcely understood, even yet, why their choice of South Uist should have saddened the hearts of so many intelligent Scots.

This island is one of the last effective homes of a civilization, the Gaelic culture whose roots go back into an almost prehistoric past before the Latin and feudal types of society on which our modern world is built had reached Scotland and Ireland. There are still in South Uist people who can tell long and elaborate stories handed down from this half-forgotten age or songs and poems that have grown through the centuries in its tradition. The number of such storytellers is certainly shrinking fast. Younger people who have been brought up to read English and listen to the radio do not have the power of memorizing tales as long as novels. But the habit of the *ceilidh*, the gathering round the fire for storytelling and song, is still alive in South Uist. And the Gaelic language itself, the old Celtic speech of Scotland and Ireland, is very much alive too; it is the speech of all the islanders.

The way of life in which Gaelic survives naturally, is equally alive.

It is the life of the crofters, families each of which has a patch of arable land and a share in a much larger area of pasture for sheep and cattle. In our time the crofting system, which used to be the basis of life throughout the Scottish Highlands and Isles, has been apt to break down, partly because the old subsidiary occupations have tended to disappear in days when large-scale industries are producing everything from bread to clothes and even fishing is mainly a business for specialists, partly because in many districts the crofting population has shrunk and aged to a point where there are no longer enough active people to keep the social life of the crofting townships going.

It was the sense of community and cooperation which made this sort of life worth living for generations of Highlanders; how well worth living was shown by the intense agitation for more land that has persisted in the Highlands and Isles till our own day. Official policy now aims at turning the crofter into a farmer by enlarging his holding. But this oversimplifies the problem. In the rocky West the patches of arable land are

apt to be so small that the homes of farmers must be too far apart to allow of much community life. Where there is no community the children must leave their homes for weeks, perhaps months, on end to go to school. Nature seems to insist that if the northwest of Scotland and the Western Isles are to have any population and life of their own the people must feed themselves from their land but have other work to keep them going. Since there are no materials for large-scale industry except water, the units for such work must be small and not too far from their homes.

In South Uist the basis for a life of this sort seemed to have been re-established. The crofting land is reasonably good. There is a successful factory for the processing of seaweed from the shores. Hand-weaving by crofters in their homes has been developing. No one on the island has been able to grow rich, but the old life has prospered on a new economic basis, while in many Gaelic districts both life and language are in decay. South Uist has seemed, in fact, to set a pattern for other islands and Highlands districts which have been looking for the means of revival.

Farewell to Tradition

But the coming of the rocket range will almost certainly destroy this new social balance. Some crofters must lose their land altogether. The arrival of hundreds of technicians and Air Force men who know nothing of Gaelic and local customs is likely to encourage young people to forget their language. Placed on some half-deserted island near by, the rocket range might have done no harm, possible atomic accidents apart. When it is withdrawn from South Uist (as such installations are apt to be in time) this surviving center of an ancient civilization will almost certainly be ruined.

All this, you may say, is sentiment. Clearly the community at South Uist could, in any case, have no future. It is too small to be worth worrying about. Gaelic has been a dying language for generations. The Irish have failed to revive it as a national tongue. In Scotland it never was the only national language, and nowadays it is only a handicap to the hundred thousand or so who use it. Better get

rid of all this pre-industrial poverty and turn the Northwest of Scotland into a fine, empty national park where visitors from the cities can shoot and fish and sail without having to consider surviving natives.

Well, it may come to that. Twenty years ago it did look as if the West Highlanders were a dying race whose language would disappear with them. But this does not seem so certain today—or did not before the rocket range was planned. There are more children in the Highlands now. There is hydro-electricity, more forestry (which can give crofters occasional employment), the beginning of small industries. There are signs of a will to survive and revive. Perhaps what is needed most is just the existence of Gaelic communities which have managed to keep their traditional life going without a break. South Uist was the best example of that sort, and it is being destroyed.

It is just possible that this may be important for other people besides the Scots. We in the Western countries have pretty well succeeded in what has been our greatest work over the past few centuries, which has been to show that famine and poverty can be conquered, that there can be enough wealth in the world to meet the real needs of all peoples. If we do not blow the earth to pieces in the next few years our achievements will soon be universalized: the "underdeveloped countries" will have all that we have now.

At that point, or rather before it is reached, we may have to begin to consider whether we should not go into reverse. We may begin to ask not how much we can possibly use but how little we need for a satisfying life. The Gaelic islanders are people who have always looked at things rather from that point of view. Of course they have wanted money and comforts when they could get them, but they have valued life on their own pattern on their own lovely land even more. It may be extremely useful to our civilization in future if this sort of simplicity does survive in Western lands where we can most easily learn from its spirit. If the change at South Uist wrecks the chance of such a survival in the Scottish West others besides the islanders and the Scots in general may be very much the poorer for it.

THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

The Role of the College Chaplain:

1. Is God a Ph.D.?

The deans of the big theological seminaries will close the door and lower their voices before talking about so delicate a subject; but it is a fact, and they will admit it, that in the main the students who are nowadays attracted to the ministry are not the brightest in the class. I do not know whether, in their nailbiting conferences on the subject, they have arrived at an answer why this should be; but I think I can give them a lead.

Let them consider the role of the man most representative of religion in the eyes of the student during the years he is deciding on his future: the college chaplain.

Undergraduates who aspire to be publishers think in terms of Henry Luce; those who dream of an academic career are stimulated everywhere they turn by their professors, men of intellect and caste; those inclined to medicine can have a good hard look at the college medical staff, which tends to be excellent; potential men of affairs look thirstily beyond the campus, at big politicians, or businessmen. And those interested in theology—and in a religiously based humanitarianism—see the future partly in terms of the college chaplain; and that, in many ways, is a disturbing experience.

As Embellishment

It is not that the college chaplain himself tends to be inferior—he may be the brightest and most learned of men; certainly the college chaplain does not tend to be unpleasant or unapproachable—the office demands the opposite qualities. But he does tend to be terribly, terribly unimportant. He is not taken seriously. And men, especially young men, want, above all things, to be taken seriously.

The college chaplain, fulfilling the function assigned to him by the typical secular college, is, primarily, a

spiritual jester. He is an embellishment: the functionary who is turned on at the beginning of public meetings to intone solemnities which no one is expected to pay very much attention to, but which are commonly accepted as conducive of the proper tone. He is available to administer para-psychiatric attention to troubled students; he may even be given a class to teach, say, "Introduction to Religion": it may, moreover, be a well attended class, if it is for credit and if the grading reflects a proper Christian charity. All this the college chaplain will do.

What he may *not* do is feign intellectual parity with the faculty. Either in his own behalf, or in religion's behalf. That implicit relegation of religion to second class intellectual status is immediately perceived by sensitive students. The freshman who gets to know a matter of hours after arriving at a campus the subtlest distinctions between fraternity X and fraternity Z does not need much longer to perceive the little distinctions that reflect the academic vogue. If he is intellectually ambitious, as the brighter student tends to be, he quickly realizes that the college chaplain's "field"—religion—is not really accepted as a philosophical discipline, with a body of knowledge of its own: rather, in the bitter words of Canon Bernard Iddings Bell, religion is considered "a pastime, preferred by a few to golf and canasta."

To be sure, there are professors on many faculties who are professing Christians; but it is generally believed that this is either aberration, or sentimentality, or a desire positively to identify oneself with a cultural or historical tradition. In any case, the standing of professing Christians in an academic community is owed not to the fact of their being Christian, or to anything they may know about

Christianity. Their standing is due to their mastery of a *legitimate* subject of academic inquiry, say Siamese.

There is another category: there are those who are both a) members of the faculty, and b) members of the faculty's department of religion. This is to walk a tightrope. The problem is resolved differently by different persons. It is always safe to spend one's life studying religion provided one doesn't believe in it. The most respected member of the Religion Department of Yale University opens his lectures by announcing to his students, "I am three-quarters atheist and one-quarter agnostic." Other professors of religion play down their own faith, in different ways. And none—that I have heard of—interprets his belief as entitling him to inquire about, or worry publicly over, his colleagues' disbelief.

Father Halton's Challenge

The furor surrounding the expulsion of Father Halton from the Princeton community distracted attention from the essential cause of that expulsion, which was that Father Halton mistook the role of the college chaplain. Leaving out the question, irrelevant here, whether he behaved with decorum, the fact is that Father Halton, resisting the stereotype the community tends to impose upon a college chaplain, refused to go about on tiptoe lest he disturb the speculations of the intellectual giants. What the hell goes on around this place, he must have said to himself shortly after arriving at Princeton. What am I, black or something? . . . Whereupon he singled out a dragon in Princeton's philosophy department who was writing hither and yon that religion was superstition and hocus-pocus, flashed his credentials (O.P., M.A., D. Phil. Oxon.) in the air, and charged: *Professor Walter Terence Stace, said Hugh Halton, doesn't know what he is talking about. I shall demonstrate how and wherein he errs.*

The gauntlet was down. Significantly, to this day Walter Stace has not answered Father Halton. For as a mere college chaplain, Father Halton had not been received into the knighthood: and Stace would not demean himself. The snub was not lost on wide-eyed students.

(To be continued)

ARTS and MANNERS

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Double-Crossed Lovers

William Shakespeare would be hard put to recognize his gently reared lovers of Verona in either version of *Romeo and Juliet* now appearing on Broadway—and so, for that matter, would Montague fils or Capulet fille. The story of the Renaissance feud with its mannered villainies cannot be brusquely transposed to the sidewalks of New York or reshaped into a Cold War comedy without losing that lyrical quality which in Shakespeare's case made an artistic success of a cumbersome plot.

Romanoff and Juliet

Peter Ustinov, perhaps realizing this, borrows only one thing from Shakespeare, the names of his protagonists: Romanoff, son of the Soviet Ambassador, and Juliet, daughter of the U.S. Ambassador, in a mythical European kingdom. And with that bow to the Bard, Ustinov charges away on a play of his own in which the East-West jokes first popularized in *Ninotchka* and served up again a few years ago in *Love of Four Colonels*, are presented anew. And some of them, with Ustinovian embellishments, are still pretty funny.

There's the granite-faced Soviet Ambassadors who yearns (in two syllables) "for a capitalist, reactionary hat." Her son, a naval lieutenant on leave from his ice-breaker ("Luff is much simpler in the Arctic"); his fiancée, Junior Captain Marfa Zlotochienko, a uniformed *Ninotchka* who never unbends, even on statements like "drunkenness in pursuit of solidarity is no sin," and the sensitive chauffeur-police spy, whose deepest wish comes true when he is allowed to retire to a monastery where the "bread is the hardest, the water the dirtiest and the liqueur the least alcoholic" in the entire kingdom.

There are some bits of inspired nonsense: A clock tower whose life-size saints and shepherds lurch around to the most frightful grinding of machinery; a discourse on the for-

eign policy of the kingdom, first proposed by Prince "Thomas the Impossible" and brought to fruition under "Princess Joanna the Precocious" (she was married before she was weaned). Based on a "balance of feebleness," the policy has resulted in the celebration of 422 liberation days! The most inspired bit of nonsense, of course, is Peter Ustinov himself as the General of the Army (two privates) and Prime Minister of the land.

But a joke can only go so far. In this case it runs out somewhere during the second act. And since it has been obvious from line I, Scene I that boy is going to get girl and that Romanoff père will shake with Moulsworth père, the elaborate stratagems of the last hour fall as flat as the backdrop.

West Side Story

West Side Story, the new musical on which Arthur Laurents, Leonard Bernstein, Stephen Sondheim and Jerome Robbins collaborated, is something else again, a conscientious effort to transpose the "star-crossed" lovers of Verona to New York's juvenile-gang-ridden upper west side. It matches Tony, a leader of the native born "Jets" against Maria, sister of the top man of the Puerto Rican "Sharks" who are inexorably pressing in on the strip of pavement the Jets call their own. We have a Friar Lawrence in Doc, the neighborhood druggist; a balcony scene played out of an orange-red fire escape against a backdrop of other rusty ladders. And a tragic ending. Tony, erroneously informed that Maria has been killed as a traitor to her own people, rushes out into the street calling on the Puerto Ricans to kill him, too. It is over his body that the Jets and the Sharks, like the Montagues and Capulets before them, make peace—declare an end to their asphalt war.

It's a tale oft told. But in this

particular version, exciting. And it is difficult to understand why. Of the component elements, the dancing and the staging are superior. The music is only adequate; the singing good, but not sensational; the lyrics sometimes amusing, sometimes banal; the book perhaps a little better than most. But when taken as a whole it clicks, perhaps because it is a young show, written and produced by young men, acted, by and large, by novices to the Broadway boards. Whatever the reason, it comes across. The restless drive, the urgency, the erratic, jerky, jagged movement of the juvenile gangs with their quick hates and angers, their flashes of acid humor, their skin-tight blue jeans and Presley talk—"see here, buddy boy," "stay cool," "it's the greatest"—the street noises, the clamors, dissensions and shouts of the tenement world; they all come through in Leonard Bernstein's juke box rhythms, the orchestration with blaring horns of the brass section, but most of all through the dancing.

Dancing in the Broadway musical reaches new heights in *West Side Story*, where the daily exchange of insults and taunts, the sentimental love story, and the final, climactic "rumble" under a highway overpass when switchblades are drawn and two killed, all are superbly danced.

For this spectator there was one added and unexpected dividend. The authors resisted all temptation to add a message or make a sociological pitch. The Puerto Ricans as the under-underdogs did not emerge as good, clean, fine, upstanding young men and women; the native born Jets were no more degenerate and depraved than juvenile switchblade wielders probably are. The words "spic," "mick," "sop," "polack" and "PR" were tossed about without any visible in-drawing of scandalized breath. Lieutenant Shrank, who wants to help the Jets "get" the Puerto Ricans, is not an unsympathetic character.

The only cry of pain the authors allow themselves comes from Doc, who finds the Jets roughing up a Puerto Rican girl after the "rumble" in which two have died.

"What does it take to get through to you?" he asks despairingly. The answer is quickly given. Another death.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Not Seven, Not Lively, Not Arts

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Gilbert Seldes' *The 7 Lively Arts* has been reissued with new annotations by the author (Sagamore Press, \$4.95). When it was first published in 1924, it created an uproar among the critics. According to the dust jacket, reasonable men, such as Edmund Wilson, took it quite seriously. This is harder to justify than to explain.

The following are fairly typical of Mr. Seldes' ideas and his general approach: "... Al Jolson is more interesting to the intelligent mind than John Barrymore and Fanny Brice than Ethel." "... Ring Lardner and Mr. Dooley ... are more important than James B. Cabell and Joseph Hergesheimer ..." "Florenz Ziegfield is a better producer than David Belasco." "... the circus can be ... more artistic than the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

It must have been the sophomoric iconoclasm of these notions that served to *épater le bourgeois*. (This leaves Mr. Wilson to be explained. But he's no stranger to occasional lapses.) Mr. Seldes' ideas may have administered a shock; but they have no other value. Belasco may have been bad; how was Ziegfield better? He might have presented more and prettier legs. This may have made his productions more stimulating than Belasco's; but better?

Whatever was good about Jolson? The Metropolitan Opera doubtless was often bad (it still often is). But what possibly can it mean to say that the circus is "more artistic"? Mr. Seldes might as well have said that he likes a good steak better than badly done opera. Who doesn't dislike badly done opera or like good steaks? But what connection is there?

I share his low evaluation of Cabell and Hergesheimer (more original, to give Mr. Seldes his due, when it was enunciated than it is now), but I think even less of Mr. Dooley—the very epitome of the middlebrow's idea of folksiness. (Fairness compels me to add that Mr. Seldes is in very good company in liking Mr. Dooley. But on me, the effect of Mr. Dooley remains emetic.)

Indeed, Mr. Seldes is the most soggily middlebrow writer I ever hope to encounter; his attempts to be sophisticated by praising what he thinks of as genuine lowbrow art are tiresomely characteristic of the

species. He opposes bad pretentious stuff to equally bad popular stuff, as though the badness of the first and the popularity of the second make the second good. This is what I have elsewhere called a "democratized form of snobbery" which is surely not better and in some ways worse than the old-fashioned one. (R. Ross and E. van den Haag, *The Fabric of Society*, Harcourt, pp. 178 ff.)

Mr. Seldes is often credited with being the first to draw attention to popular culture—i.e., to write about it seriously. Yet he drew attention to those aspects no one ever should take seriously, and his own seriousness consisted in writing about them in a marvelously dull though incoherent manner—worthy of a sociologist, as far as style goes, but without attempting any sociological analysis or any sort of analysis. He does not try to explain the causes or effects or limitations of popular culture—psychological, social or anything. He simply says it's wonderful—it must be, since so many people like it. Or, if it is too mawkish to defend, he explains moralistically

that things are bad because carping intellectuals carp instead of pitching in. (How?) For instance, Mr. Seldes thinks that the early Mack Sennett movies were better than much that came afterward. So do I. But it does not occur to him that they could be good simply because the market for movies was not as extensive as it became later. The broad market means that an average of tastes has to be met—i.e., original movies become risky. And unoriginal movies seldom can be good movies.

Well, popular culture here has the commentator it deserves, and who is therefore acceptable to it. What else am I to say about a man so totally devoid of sensibility that he writes that Oscar Straus' *Chocolate Soldier* is "nearly as worthy of perpetual life" "except for a weaker libretto" [!] as *The Marriage of Figaro*?

It was surely a mistake to reissue Mr. Seldes' book. Actually, its success may have been due to its title, which helps make popular culture acceptable to earnest middlebrows who felt guilty about it, by lending it dignity. The title, as Mr. Seldes confesses, means nothing. The "lively arts" are not seven. They are not particularly lively. And they are not arts. Perhaps it would have been better to reissue the title without the book.

Mr. Seldes is, or was, capable of some solid work. His *The Stammering Century*, for instance, seems scarcely written by the man who perpetrated *The 7 Lively Arts*, and continues to lecture on popular culture with the limp wit of a perpetual pixie. The annotations now added to the earlier edition suggest that he has learned little, though his opinion has changed here and there for reasons as unclear and erratic as those given for his first views. But he should be credited—one-half point—with one improvement. He mentions, for the record, W. C. Fields. In the earlier edition there was a long adoring evaluation of Chaplin—nothing about Fields.

Fields was a great American comic. His *The Fatal Glass of Beer* is better than anything Chaplin ever did. It is a succinct, complete, terrifying and awfully funny satire of nearly all prevalent American clichés. The "good night" scene rises to almost unbearable cumulative perfection. Fields wrote, directed, acted and cast his stuff. Chaplin was good inasmuch as he was confined to clowning. He was a first-rate clown (not an actor—he could play only one role). As he gained influence on the script, etc. his ability as a clown barely and only temporarily could overcome his cloying sentimentality and his ironclad intellectual mediocrity.

Mr. Seldes' critical analysis of Chaplin is mostly gush, qualified by occasional counter-gush to give it that critical and erudite air. Here again Mr. Seldes misses the boat. Whatever genuine merit there was—and there was some—part of the success of a number of early movies arose from their catering to the fantasies of recent immigrants about to rise in status. Thus, Chaplin appealed—quite apart from his genuine gift—because he was the dark little man, the common and weak man, who, by virtue of a combination of cleverness, naiveté and moral superiority (arising mainly from the identification of the viewer), would defeat the powerful but stupid and morally inferior dominant ethnic group; or, if he would not win, he would lose through his moral superiority. (Abroad, the ethnic identification would be replaced by class identification.) In Chaplin's early movies, this matter is implied and does not disturb much. In Al Jolson's *Jazz Singer* and

in such movies as *Counselor-at-Law*, it is made broadly explicit—therein resides their inferiority.

Until the forties, the movie industry contrasted the warm-hearted and clever eastern or southern European immigrants with the stolid, cold and hypocritical entrenched classes—usually represented by the frigid and

gold-digging blondes the heroes were condemned to marry—until they saw the light. Interestingly enough, today it is the American wife who reconducts the immigrant's son to his heritage of values (e.g., *Full of Life*).

Well, that takes us away from Mr. Seldes. But then, any sort of analysis of popular culture would.

Tiberius: "Strong Executive"

RODERICK PENDLETON

Our minds contain no significant political or philosophical idea that is not either derived from the thinking of men who wrote in Greek and Latin or the product of our efforts to learn from the political and cultural experience of Greece and Rome. That is why the evolution of political theory in the past six hundred years could be fully traced by merely recording the changing attitude of historians toward the great men and events of antiquity. For example, one of the first symptoms of the conception of the state that is held, consciously or unconsciously, by all of our contemporary Liberals appeared a century ago in the *Roman History* of the great German scholar, Theodor Mommsen, and was expressed in his judgment of such figures as Cicero, Caesar, and the rulers whom we call the early Roman emperors, although in their own day their power was concealed by a series of legal fictions and they posed as merely the executive arm of the constitutional Republic.

Tiberius, the stepson whom Augustus finally adopted and designated as his successor in his nominally elective office, is often said to have been "rehabilitated by modern scholarship." His personal life and character have indeed been "vindicated" by some of the most learned whitewash artists of our time, who have in effect concealed the whole in a mass of details, and have thus obscured in their writing, and perhaps avoided in their own thinking, the central problems of politics. The great merit of Dr. Gregorio Marañón's *Tiberius, the Resentful Caesar* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$3.75) is that—despite numerous errors in details—it presents an objective and realistic study of Tiberius as a man, explaining his behavior

without exaggeration or apology, in terms of the eternal facts of human nature.

Born of a distinguished family in an age of social change in which no man could feel secure, Tiberius was intelligent and well educated, though neither brilliant nor erudite, and, as the great Roman historian Tacitus carefully points out, he lived an irreproachable life so long as he was a private citizen, or subordinate to someone who made the major decisions. He was a diligent and competent general, a scrupulous administrator. When he was fifty-six, having outlived all the closer and more favored heirs, he succeeded to what was in fact supreme power. To the common people, especially in the provinces, his long reign was a period of material prosperity and relative contentment, for the bureaucracy set up by Augustus continued to function efficiently and shepherded well its sheep. To the Roman aristocracy his reign became a tyranny of terror, and the appalling record that we read in the unforgettable pages of Tacitus was really written with the best blood of Rome.

Many men who knew him thought that Tiberius' character had changed. One of his victims said of him that he had been twisted out of shape and transformed by the force that is inherent in absolute power over men (*vi dominationis convulsus et mutatus*). And modern scholars have wasted innumerable pages on the question whether or not a man's character is likely to change after he has passed middle age. But Tacitus (who often is misunderstood by historians who miss the subtleties of his Latin) saw with a clearer eye that what

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power had done to Tiberius was to expose inherent weaknesses of character that he might otherwise have successfully repressed and concealed—in part, even from himself.

Dr. Marañón's analysis shows us in Tiberius a man who, lacking confidence in himself but perceiving the egotism of men who were physically or intellectually his superiors, accumulated through the many vicissitudes of his adolescence and manhood multiple resentments that he consciously or unconsciously nourished within himself. Tiberius' weaknesses differed in detail from but were in sum no greater than, the weaknesses of most human beings. They were not dangerous or even perceptible so long as he could hold them in check by conformity to tradition, a decent respect for the opinion of his fellow men, and a sense of his own limitations. But eventually he found himself in that position of absolute superiority in which a man must control himself unaided. He failed because he did not

have and could not long feign what that position demanded of him—the terrible strength of the man who must stand alone in this world with no master to obey, no equal to trust, and no God to revere.

This is precisely the fact that his apologists refuse to face. With learned quibbles and ingenious arguments they strive to revise the record and wash the blood from Tiberius' hands, because only thus can they avert their eyes from the grim logic of political realities. If the common man is to browse contentedly in green pastures, he must be shepherded by a diligent bureaucracy; the efficiency of a bureaucracy depends on the strength of the executive; the strong executive, by virtue of his functions, must be an autocrat; the autocrat, by virtue of his position, must act according to every infirmity or limitation of his own character. And no system of election or appointment can choose an autocrat from a race superior to mortal man.

tively healthy individual." Employees may feel dependent, submissive and passive. Poor chaps. But they may feel the same emotions (and probably do) toward their wives, their mothers or their next-door neighbors. In all societies some lead and make decisions, while others follow and carry out the decisions. Ignoring this necessity of existence, Professor Argyris would ameliorate emotional conflicts by creating a democratic or "employee-centered" leadership to "place more emphasis on the individual's needs." The progressive philosophy of education applied to industry, perhaps? This kind of "team" philosophy negates the individual in the name of the individual.

J. H. BECK

DRAWN FROM MEMORY, by Ernest H. Shepard (Lippincott, \$3.75). In this autobiographical account of the life of a seven-year-old in the London of 1887, Ernest Shepard does the reader the extraordinary kindness to dwell not on nursery routine but on the things that happened to him. He received a magnificent pony-on-wheels from an aunt addicted to practical gifts; he got scarlatina and was dispatched to the seashore; he watched the illuminations late into the night of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee; and best, he was spirited out of school one afternoon to go to the famous pantomime at Drury Lane. As any book written by the illustrator of A. A. Milne's Christopher Robin series should, it reflects the uncanny workings of a child's mind: the boy was grateful that his sister never "bragged" that her birthday came in August while his came in December (the tragedy of combined presents); he noted without wonder that when he and his father visited his uncle's office at Lloyd's they found him "sitting on a stool and throwing pebbles of blotting paper about." But as Mr. Shepard's writing lacks flair and sensitivity when compared with the wonderful illustrations in his book, *Drawn from Memory* leaves the reader deeply grateful that Mr. Shepard drew Winnie-the-Pooh and Piglet and Eeyore—and that A. A. Milne wrote about them.

M. L. BUCKLEY

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

FORBIDDEN CHILDHOOD, by Ruth Slenczynska and Louis Biancolli (Doubleday, \$3.95). For students of *Wunderkind* psychology, Miss S's account of her Svengali-father's conjuration or her phenomenal concert career will be fascinating. When she was three and a half, her life took an inflexible pattern: nine hours at the piano per day, seven days per week, with a hard slap in the face for every missed note and a sound thrashing for the least recalcitrance. At four, she made her debut, and for the next ten years concertized throughout Europe and America. She was compared to Mozart, doted on by audiences, coached by Rachmaninoff, Cortot, Petri, Rubenstein. Then, in her teens, she broke down, gave up the piano, married, and more recently, after the death of her father, has resumed her career. As part of her promotion, her story rather too sentimentally tends to play up her father's ruthlessness. After all, she was his creation, and though their relationship was hardly normal, it is necessary to remember that great

art, like great diamonds, is the product of a natural, but not very pretty, and certainly never average, process.

R. PHELPS

PERSONALITY AND ORGANIZATION, by Chris Argyris (Harper, \$4.00). Professor Argyris asks "why people behave the way they do in human organizations," organizations in this case signifying particularly business organizations; and to find answers, he turns to the pseudoscientific behavioral studies of a number of social psychologists. We are told that the formal organization creates "conflict, frustration and a sense of failure" in the "rela-

In Coming Issues

Douglas Jerrold will review Arnold Toynbee's *Christianity Among the Religions of the World*

Eugene Lyons will review Howard Fast's *The Naked God*

To the Editor

No Time for Self-Deception

Mr. Burnham's article "Disinformation Bureaus" [November 30] was the most depressing thing I have yet read in NATIONAL REVIEW. I am surprised that Mr. Burnham, whom I have always looked upon as a supreme realist, should have been persuaded to utter such a smug and facile dismissal of the Sputniks and their implications.

On what possible premise can the Russian claims be dismissed as mere boasting? In 1949 when the Russians announced they had exploded an A-Bomb, they were not boasting. In 1953 when they announced that the USA "no longer had a monopoly in the production of the Hydrogen Bomb," they were not boasting. Is there any reason why they should be boasting now?

In any case it is surely in the West's interest to *assume* that the Russians are entirely truthful in their statements about the Sputniks, and to act accordingly. One important factor in the West's slipping behind in the Sputnik and ICBM race has been our persistent refusal to believe that in little over a generation *muzhiks* can be converted into Atom-Age technicians. It is time we ceased practicing the comfortable self-delusions of which Mr. Burnham so surprisingly seems to have become an apostle, and buckle down to facing the fact that the West is confronted with the most serious challenge in its history by a first-rate technical power.

London

ALISTAIR HORNE

The Time to Strike

Mr. Burnham's article "Answer to Sputniks" in the December 14 issue is most timely. Actually we are ten years late in coming to realize that the only way you can deal with a Communist is to shoot him. Mr. Burnham calls his theory the "Policy of Liberation"; more accurately it might be called "Operation Survival." For that's what it amounts to now.

Ten years ago it would have been comparatively easy to bring the Reds to heel, to allow free elections in liberated countries, to withdraw their troops and we would withdraw ours,

and it wouldn't have required the firing of a shot; just a firm policy. How long do you think it would have taken Teddy Roosevelt to send them an "either, or" letter? Or General MacArthur?

But we had the wrong people in office then, the wrong State Department, left-wingers, progressives. . . .

We have become soft enjoying our prosperity, complacent in the face of this menace, trustful of the Administration strategy of "containment." We don't even execute our traitors; the Supreme Court turns them loose. . . . Well, we have to wake up; there is a long, hard road ahead, and whether we like it or not we shall have to strike the first blow. Un-Christian? perhaps, but it's either that or slavery for us and future generations. Mr. Burnham's article should be sent to every Senator and Representative.

Greenville, S.C.

J. P. DERMODY

Both Right, Both Wrong

. . . The South's segregationists claim, and rightly so, that they should not be forced to intermingle with the Negroes, be it in schools, in buses, in business associations, or in social organizations. Their integrationist foes maintain, and with equal correctness, that the South's forced integration denies to the Negro rights and opportunities that are due him. Each side is right within certain limitations. It is the limitations of their positions that the protagonists fail to comprehend. . . .

Anti-segregationists are correct in maintaining that public schools and public transportation are for the use of the entire population, regardless of color or citizen status. . . . Separate facilities can never be identical and, even if equal, could never be determined as being equal.

The anti-segregationists are wrong, however, in insisting that integration must be practiced in all business and social organizations. Any group that is not a creation of the public is free to determine its own membership. As is the case with the individual, the membership restrictions maintained by the private business or the private

social group may be necessary for their own protection, or may be the consequence of un-Christian virtues, but they cannot be forced to open their doors to anyone and everyone.

It is not compromising the issue, then, when it is seen that both sides have a legitimate position but that each side has gone far out of bounds and thus maintains an impasse which cannot possibly be solved by logical means—and the forceful means recently attempted have been found wanting.

Syracuse, N.Y.

JAMES F. WELTER

From the ACLU

We note in your December 14 issue the charge of alleged censorship by the Mutual Network of the speech by Herbert Kohler on the Manion Forum of the Air, and your suggestion that the American Civil Liberties Union will look into this matter.

Even before your editorial appeared, the Union's Radio-TV Panel was hard at work on this case, and we hope to have our report completed soon.

New York City

ALAN REITMAN

Assistant Director

American Civil Liberties Union

Too Much Hardware?

May I raise the question: "Too much vodka in Vanguard?" It seems the friends of McCarthy are not at all surprised at this fizzle, but the windbags and Johnny-come-latelys are . . . humiliated. . . .

As an Airman, my only concern about Sputnik, *et al*, is that, with all this debris zipping through space, should some of it connect with my DC-7C, the C.A.B., after the usual close scrutiny of the remains, will call it "Pilot Error"!

It begins to look as though the next (futile) attempts at launching this "moon-beep" can be labeled "Too Much Oppenheimer In 'Oops.'"

Dallas, Tex.

N. A. LAURENZANA

Animals and Man

Miss Peggy Henican writes in NATIONAL REVIEW [letter, December 7]: "The creation of animals was for the purpose of being of service to man (Genesis II, 26-28)." Yes, animals to carry loads, guard flocks, destroy rodents, and for food. We are not told to prolong agony, and to do so on a tremendous scale. She writes:

"... many have more sympathy with one brute than with thousands of maltreated human beings. . . ." Our own sympathy for thousands of maltreated human beings is not lessened by our kindness to one animal. We want no maltreatment.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

A. W.

Hawaiian Population

Our (now) peripatetic and always delightful Kuehnelt-Leddihn in his "first impressions" of Hawaii [December 21] did not mean to imply that miscegenation had been a success there. It has not even been practiced there, or had not up to the time I left. I never knew of a single instance of intermarriage between Caucasians and Orientals, although if he was thinking of Hawaiians, that is something else, as they have proved most happily assimilable. Unfortunately they are a very small proportion of the total population now, Japanese and Filipinos greatly predominating.

Atlanta, Ga.

T. R. REED

Screening of Immigrants

Have we already forgotten the newspaper headlines: "Dr. Fuchs May Have Stripped U. S. of Secrets"? Do we no longer recall that one Displaced Person, given sanctuary in Britain, was able to transmit to the Soviets the secrets that have enabled them to threaten us with their own atomic bomb and now Sputniks?

Should not that experience stimulate us to be alert as to what kind of immigrants we admit? Under the "Displaced Persons" smoke screen, is it true that some came we already are trying to deport?

Sacramento, Cal.

J. F. WOODARD

Time Helps the Soviets

We are on the side of Russia, only we don't know it. The cry for peace is the bait. God knows and the Communists know how much we desire peace and how we abhor war and hydrogen bombs. If we only knew it, Russia is much more against war than we are. She can't count on her own people defending her, and certainly not her slave satellites. Besides, she doesn't want to own a destroyed U.S. when she figures that by infiltration and subversion and scientific achievement she can eventually own our prosperous industrial nation without any war.

But Russia does not fear war will come—she knows we fear it so much she has no need to fear it. But time and peaceful cold war are on the side of Russia because the Communist way of waging a successful war is by infiltration and subversion and usurpation of power. . . .

While our wish for peace and our fear of hydrogen bombs is Russia's weapon against a third world war, anti-"McCarthyism" is Russia's secret weapon against stopping infiltration and subversion. Both ways she has landed us on her side—only we don't know we got hooked. Who in America dares fight infiltration and subversion after what happened to McCarthy and his friends? Also we are fooled into thinking foreign aid will win us friends for our country and for democracy. Did foreign aid win Tito and Nehru? If we pauperized ourselves helping underdeveloped countries, Russia's busy beaver Communists would still infiltrate and subvert all those countries and make them envy and hate us as she is doing now. . . .

For many reasons, striking the first blow in a war against Communist Russia is no more suicidal than to "let things ride." It is only a matter of time when they will win, if we don't fight when we can. . . .

Babylon, N.Y.

MABEL E. KAIM

Christmas Editorial

May I congratulate you and thank you for the thought-provoking Christmas editorial [December 28]?

The comments made there describe the essence of conservatism and of the Christian basis of it. In an era when religion under liberal influences has become a code of moral behavior only, your words turn our attention back to essentials. . . .

The final sentence, "We revolve around the Son," expresses Christianity at its best.

Parkville, Mo.

DR. JERZY HAUPTMANN

Mr. Kennan Explained

You can't pan George F. Kennan enough for me! The man is a perfect specimen of the overeducated *Egg-head*, the conceited theorist, oblivious of actualities, contemptuous of experience—and impervious to argument.

He once wrote me six pages of single-space drivel about where he

stood on Communism, when he was running for trustee of Princeton. . . . The other candidates all answered in unequivocal, terse language that could be understood. They were against it, in any shape, manner or form.

New York City

E. D. TOLAND

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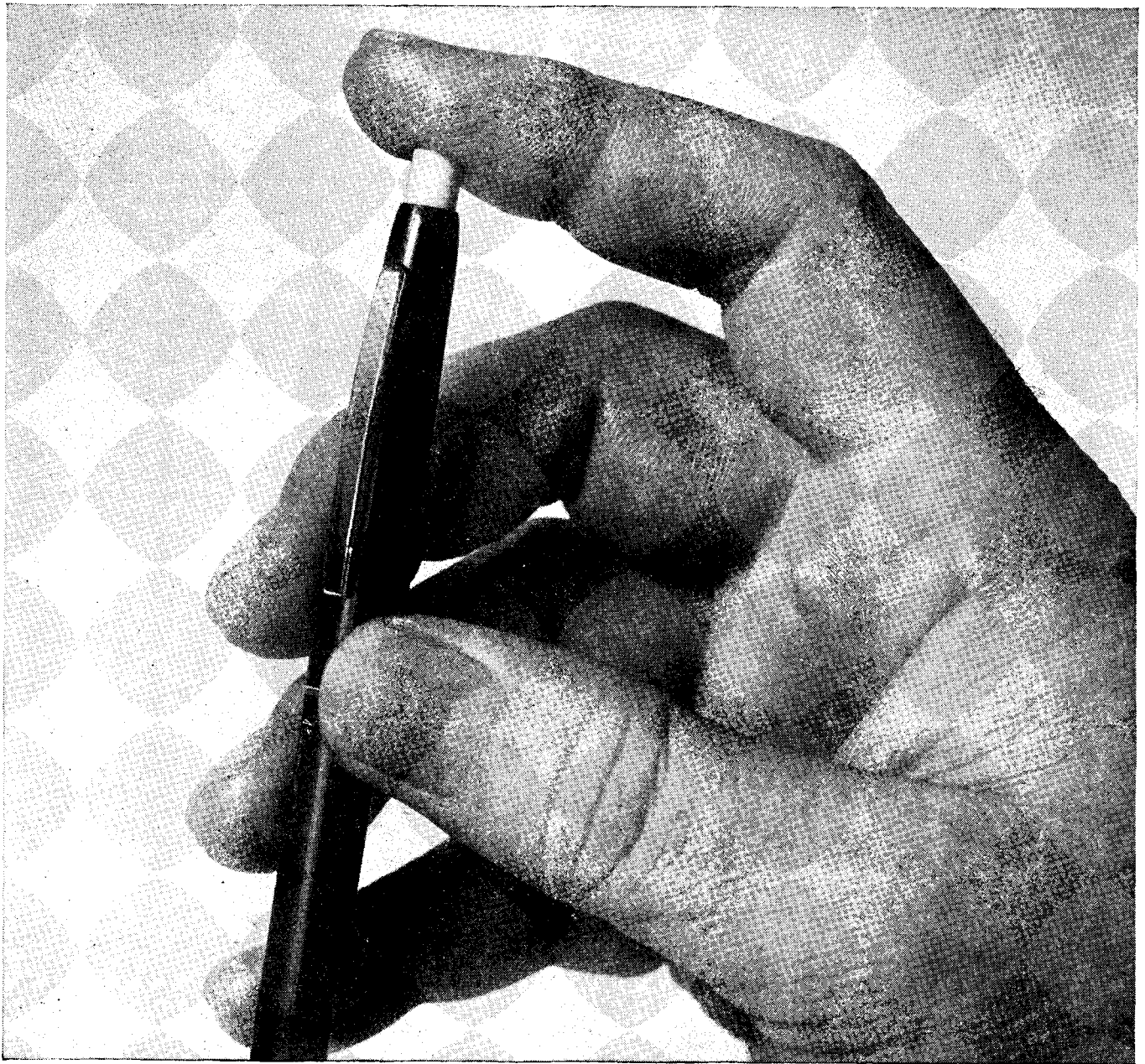
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